Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy wayes, old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt: if manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there lives not 3. good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while; a bad world I say: I would I were a weaver, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Wool-sacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, i'le never weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*?

Prin. Why, you horson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that, and *Poines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord i'le stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? i'le see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward, but, I would give a thousand pound I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me, give me a cup of sacke, I am a rogue if I drunke to day

Prin. O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinkes.*
A plague of all cowards still, say I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? heere be foure of us, have tane a thousand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it, *Iacke*, where is it?

Falf. Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon poore foure of us.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at halfe sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust thorow the Doublet, foure thorow the Hose,

Hose, my Buckler cut thorow and thorow, my Sword like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since man, all would not do. A plague of all cowards, speake, if they speake more or lesse then truth, they laines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Gad. Speake, sirs, how was it?

Roſſ. We foure set upon a dozen.

Falſ. Sixteene at least, my Lord.

Roſſ. And bound them.

Peto. No, no they were not bound.

Falſ. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Iew else, an Hebrew *Iew*.

Roſſ. As we were sharing, some 6. or 7. fresh men

Falſ. And unbound the rest, and then came in the

Prin. What, fought ye with them all?

Falſ. All? I know not what you call all: but if I fought with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were two or three and fifty upon poore old *Iack*, then a twoleg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God you have not murthered some of

Fal. Nay that's past praying for, I have pepper'd them: Two I am sure I have payed, two rogues in Buckrom sutes: I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face me Horse: thou knowest my old word: here I lay, and bore my point: foure rogues in Buckrom let drive at

Prin. What, foure? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Foure *Hal*. I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I; he said foure.

Fal. These foure came all afront, and mainely thrust I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seven points Target, thus:

Prin. Seven? why there were but foure, even now.

Fal. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom sutes.

Fal Seven, by these Hilts, or I am a villaine else:

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall have more

Falſ. Doest thou heare me, *Hall*.

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iacke*.